

# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME VIII. No. 19

THE BEACON PRESS, BOSTON, MASS.

FEBRUARY 10, 1918

## Abraham Lincoln.

CHILD of the boundless prairie, son of the virgin soil,  
Heir to the bearing of burdens, brother to them that toil;  
God and Nature together shaped him to lead in the van,  
In the stress of the wildest weather, when the nation needed a man.

Eyes of a smoldering fire, heart of a lion at bay.  
Patience to plan for to-morrow, valor to serve for to-day;  
Mournful and mirthful and tender, quick as a flash with a jest,  
Hiding with gibe and great laughter the ache that was dull in his breast!

Met were the man and the hour—man who was strong for the shock—  
Fierce were the lightnings unleashed; in the midst, he stood fast as a rock.  
Comrade he was and commander, he who was born for the time,  
Iron in council and action, simple, aloof and sublime.

Swift slip the years from their tether, centuries pass like a breath,  
Only some lives are immortal, challenging darkness and death.  
Hewn from the stuff of the martyrs, write in the star-dust his name,  
Glowing, untarnished, transcendent, high on the records of Fame.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

## A Valentine Purchase.

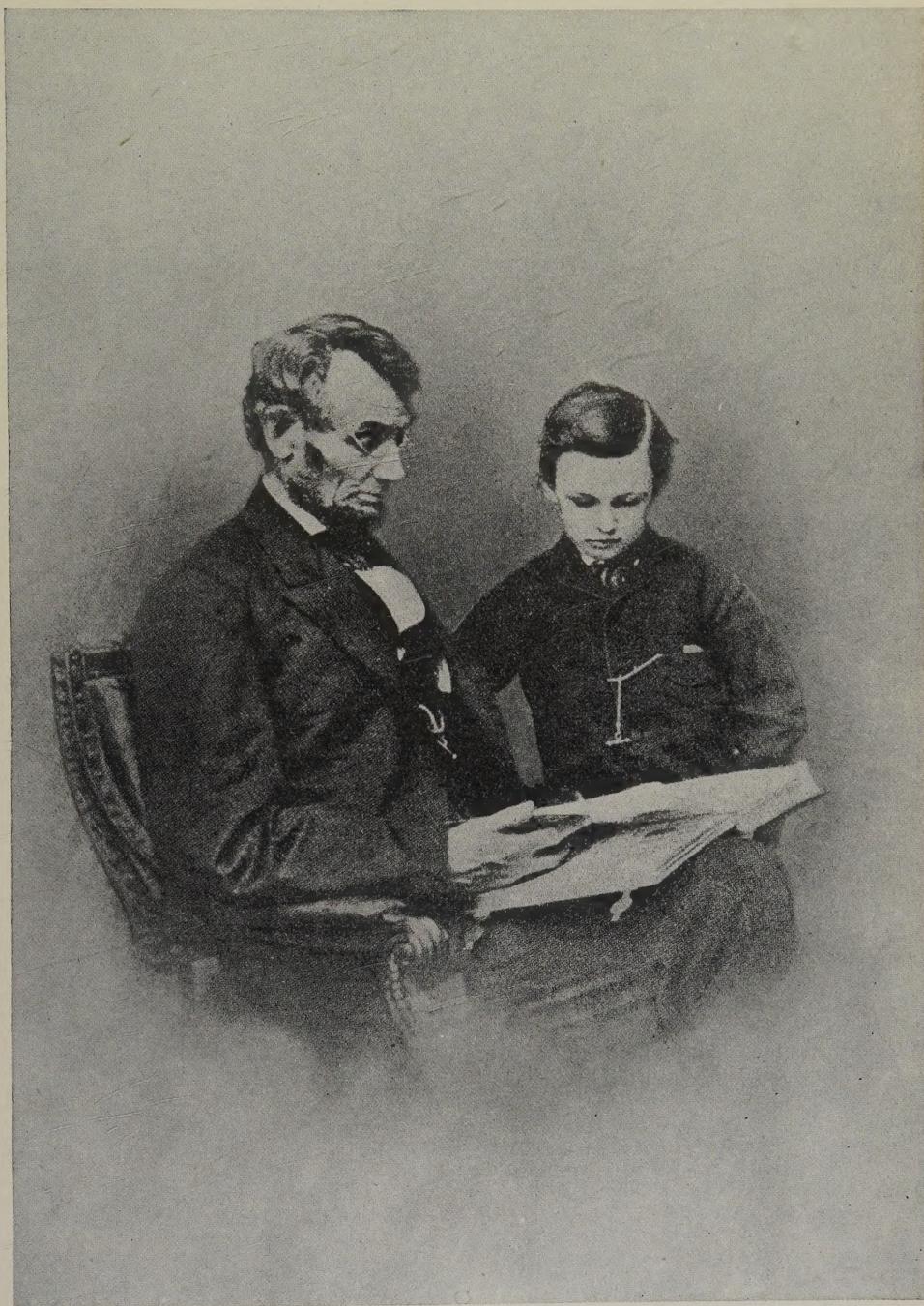
BY EMILY HENDERSON.

"OH, dear! What a jam!" thought Frances, as she made her way through a throng of shoppers. She glanced down at her shopping-bag and smiled happily as she placed it in a safer position. Within it was a crisp five-dollar bill, with which she was to buy material for the new dress she so much needed. How kind Aunt Fanny had been to send it!

A counter gay with valentines caught her attention. She paused to examine the pretty, lace-like trifles spread temptingly before her. The thought came to her to buy one for little crippled Milly Doran. It would delight the child, and Milly had so little to make her happy. "I can walk home and save carfare," she told herself. And she took a coin from her purse and leaned over the counter to point out the valentine she wished. Some one jostled against her. She moved aside, still intent on her purchase.

A moment later, she turned around and gasped, "Oh!" at the sight of her hand-bag hanging open on her arm. Had she forgotten to close it? Surely not. She began rummaging through it with a sickening fear. The little purse was gone. And there was, she found, no way of recovering it.

It was with a sore heart that Frances trudged home that evening. "Milly ought



LINCOLN AND HIS SON TAD.

certainly to appreciate that valentine," she sighed, as she told her mother her sad little tales. "It cost me five dollars and more."

"Never mind, dear," answered her mother. "It will turn out all right, I am sure."

"You always say that, Mamma," answered Frances. "How can it? If I had lost my money, some one might find and return it. But it was stolen. It will be spent for drink, perhaps. Aunt Fanny's present to me!" Then pushing away her little brother, who

was asking eager questions, "Do be still, Dickey!" she exclaimed impatiently.

"However the money is spent," answered her mother, drawing Dicky aside, "it will be all right for you in the end. One doesn't lose by doing kind acts. Cheer up, now, and try to think no more about it."

"I'll try, Mamma," was the answer.

The next morning Frances was, outwardly, at least, her bright, merry self again. However keen her own disappointment, Mamma

must not be troubled, she had resolved. Her mind was busy with the thought of Bessie Vorse's coming party as she examined an old dress. "I wouldn't know how to act at a party in any dress but my old blue one," she laughed. "And my friends wouldn't know me in another one. I'll be faithful to the old stand-by."

She was some way cheered by her own laughing words and still more so by Mrs. Vale, whom she paused to talk to on her way to school. "I wonder why it is," she reflected as she went on, "that Mrs. Vale always makes you feel happier. I hope I'll be like her some day. But, dear me! I'll have to cultivate sweet manners and patience with the children before I aspire so high."

A voice broke in on her thoughts. "My dear, will you do me a favor?" And Mrs. Atherton came down the steps of her fine home.

"I'd be glad to," answered Frances.

"You pass the college, I believe. Perhaps you would stop at Miss Dana's office and tell her that I am going out this evening and would like some one to stay with Charles Edward. She often sends me some girl who is working her way through college and needs the money. I am unable to get her over the phone."

An idea flashed into Frances's mind. With it, came a thought of to-night's coasting party, which was resolutely put aside. "Could I take care of Charles Edward?" she asked.

"Why, perhaps so," answered Mrs. Atherton. "He is a very high-spirited boy and needs some one who understands his nervous temperament. You might try."

"I'd like to," answered Frances. "I'm used to children." And the matter was arranged.

It was a trying evening that followed for her in the Atherton home. The book she had taken with her to study after Charles Edward was asleep remained unopened. The spoiled boy occupied all her time and attention. "Mrs. Atherton says he is nervous and high-strung," she explained to her mother on her return. "If Dicky acted so, I'd say he had tantrums. Really, Mamma, he's the naughtiest boy I ever tried to manage. And to-night's not the last time. I'm to stay with him again Thursday evening."

Nor was Thursday evening the last time. Mrs. Atherton's maid had left her, and the mistress had many social engagements, so Frances was often called upon.

"Can you come to-morrow night?" asked Mrs. Atherton, after a particularly trying evening. To-morrow was the thirteenth, the evening of Bessie Vorse's valentine party. "Oh, must I miss that?" Frances almost sobbed to herself. "Yes, I must. If I don't, she'll get some one else and never think of me again. And maybe, if I keep on, I'll make up the lost money. Mrs. Atherton isn't like Mamma and Mrs. Vale. She wouldn't understand how much I want to go."

Thursday evening found her again at Mrs. Atherton's, a very heavy-hearted girl. Outside, sleigh-bells jingled, and merry voices sounded. Within, Charles Edward stormed because not allowed to run out of doors. "You're not the boss of me!" he shrieked as he tugged at the door. How Frances longed to give way to her quick temper! And what a relief it was when the evening ended before her patience gave out entirely!

She counted her little hoard of earnings in the morning. The worst was over now,

she told herself. She had missed the party. It would never be so hard to go again.

Later in the day, she went over to Mrs. Atherton's for a book she had left there. She found a scene of confusion. Mrs. Atherton was packing a large wardrobe trunk. The floor and chairs around her were heaped high with finery. "We are leaving suddenly," she explained. "I didn't speak of it last evening, I believe. We've rented the house furnished, but these things must be packed, and how I'm to dispose of them all, I don't know." She picked up a beautiful suit from a chair and eyed it critically. "There's an example of Eloise's extravagance," she complained. Eloise was her daughter, now away at a fashionable school. "She bought that in New York," she went on, "because, she said, it was so stunning she couldn't resist it. And it proved to be entirely too small for her." She looked Frances over moodily. "Maybe you could wear it," she suggested. "Slip it on and see."

"I?" exclaimed Frances. She picked up the suit with trembling fingers and began putting it on.

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Atherton. "I haven't room for it, and it would be such a relief to get the thing out of my sight. Why, it fits you finely! Dear me! What a change clothes do make!" she exclaimed, as Frances stood before her in the pretty skirt and fur-trimmed coat, her face alight with pleasure.

A half hour later, Frances burst in upon her mother with the excited exclamation, "See my valentine presents, Mamma! Mrs. Atherton has been giving me the overflow from her packing!" And she proceeded to pour out her excited little story.

"So the loss of the purse did turn out all right," smiled her mother at the close.

"Why, I believe you're right, Mamma," admitted Frances. "If I hadn't lost the money, I suppose I would never have thought of going to Mrs. Atherton's. But, Mamma," she persisted, "you know very well that things don't always turn out this way, story-book fashion. There's Mrs. Vale, for instance. She lost her fortune long ago through no fault of her own. And she's poor yet."

"In money, yes," was the answer. "Her gains came in things you can't put a money value on,—sympathy and other lovable traits of character. Your new clothes are not all you have gained either."

"What else?" asked Frances, incredulously.

"Patience with the children, for one thing. I've noticed that, since Charles Edward has been disciplining you."

"Oh, do you really think so?" cried Frances, eagerly. "It seems a big return for a ten-cent valentine purchase."

"When we help things along enough," smiled her mother, "they sometimes turn out this way, even outside of stories."

#### Thought Any Firearm Would Do.

A TEACHER asked a class of grade pupils for compositions on the violet. On looking over the written compositions she found the following: "The violet has sepals, petals and a gun." Perplexed, she called the author to her desk and asked what he meant by saying that the violet had a gun. He explained: "Why, you told us that the violet had sepals, petals and a pistil, and I couldn't spell pistil."

*Normal Instructor.*

#### The Seven Sleepers.

"SAFE from sorrow and sin and death," read Mother, as she finished the legend of the Saints at Ephesus, "the Seven sleep sweet in that cave until Christ cometh again."

The Band was spending two winter days and nights at the Cabin.

"I wisht, I wisht," said Alice-Palace at last, "that I could see the nice dear Sleepers."

"Well," said the Captain from the depths of a monstrous rocking-chair, "there are seven other sleepers who live not far from this Cabin, but they aren't saints by any means. Some are gentle and some are fierce."

"Tell us," chorused the Band from in front of the fire that roared in the great arched fireplace.

"The first one," said the Captain, "is big and black and dangerous."

"Bumble-bee!" shouted Alice-Palace. "That's big an' black an' very dangerous," she explained, "'cause once I tried to tame one an' he bit me norful."

"No," said the Captain, "this is a big, black, growly animal who wears an overcoat of four inches of fur and an undercoat of four inches of fat. He isn't afraid of the cold, but he finds that rent is cheaper than board. So he sleeps all winter instead of eating."

"Bear," shouted all but one of the Band.

"Bumble-bee," piped Alice-Palace, who was never known to change an opinion.

"Once," said the Captain, "I knew two boys—one was twelve and the other was ten years old. They went off hunting up in Maine in March. One had a muzzle-loading shotgun and the other had a long stick. They found a little hole in a bank," he went on, "and the boy with the stick poked. He felt something soft, so he kept on poking. I think there's something here," he said. There was. All of a sudden the whole bank caved in and out rushed a big, black, cross bear. You see," explained the Captain, "they had poked right into the airhole of a bear-den. The snow was so deep that they couldn't run, and the bear could climb a tree much faster than they could. So what do you suppose they did!"

"I guess," remarked Alice, resentfully, "that they wisht it had been a bumble-bee."

"Go on!" shouted the rest with one accord.

"The little chap with the stick," continued the Captain, "got behind the big one with the gun who was shaking like anything. 'Don't you miss,' he said, 'cause this stick isn't very sharp.' 'All right,' said the big boy, and he waited until he saw the white spot that showed under the bear's chin when it reared up on its hind legs not six feet away. The shot crashed right through the bear's throat and he fell dead so close to their feet that the hot blood stained the shoes of the boy in front. They got ten dollars for the skin, and ten dollars bounty, and about three million dollars of glory."

"Tell some more," chorused the Band when he stopped for breath.

"Well," meditated the Captain, "there was my Great-great-uncle Jake who fought in the Revolution and was a famous bear-hunter. One day during a January thaw he was coming down Pond Hill when he stepped into a mushy place back of a patch of bushes and sank in up to his waist. He felt something soft under his feet, and he stamped on it. The next second," said

the Captain, impressively, "he wished he hadn't, for a big animal rose right up under him, and the next thing poor Uncle Jake knew he was astride a bear going down hill like mad, riding bearback as it were."

Mother gave a deep groan and buried her face in her hands; but the rest of the Band were too young to be affected by the pun.

"He didn't want to stay on, and he didn't dare to get off," resumed the Captain, hurriedly, "so he drew his hunting-knife and waited until the old bear reached level ground and just stabbed him dead right through his neck."

"Tell us about some more," urged Trottie when the Captain stopped for breath.

"Some of the gently ones," suggested Henny-Penny, beginning to look around anxiously at the dark corners.

"Well," said the Captain, "there's a gray greedy one who goes to bed early, just a loose bag of fat. That's the wood-chuck. Then there's a nice striped one with pockets in his cheeks, who always takes a quart or so of nuts and seeds to bed with him in case he gets hungry in the night. That's the chipmunk."

"Nice, dear Chippy Nipmunk," explained Alice-Palace to the Third.

"Then comes a chap with a funny face and a ringed tail and whose hindpaws make a track like a baby's foot. That's the raccoon. The next one is pretty dangerous," continued the Captain. "He is black and white and has a long bushy tail. He won't turn out of his way for anybody, but he'll always give any one that comes up to him three signals before he defends himself. First," said the Captain, "he'll stamp his forefeet. Second, he'll raise his long bushy tail. If you still keep on coming he gives his third and last signal. He waves the end of his tail back and forth. If you stand still," finished the Captain, impressively, "or move backward, you are safe even then, but if you take one step forward—you'll have to buy a new suit of clothes."

"I know," remarked the Third, wisely. "Bill Darby and I caught one in a trap once. He said it was an albino wood-chuck. But it was a skunk—an' we had to live in our bathing suits for nearly a week."

"The next sleeper," said the Captain, "has wings."

"A bumble-bee," tried Alice again.

"No," returned the Captain, patiently, "this is an animal with a very ugly face and leathery brown wings with hooks on the top. When it goes to sleep for the winter it catches these little hooks on a rafter or beam in some dark corner of a building or steeple. Then it turns and hangs by the long curved nails of its hind feet and goes to sleep upside down. It makes a very high squeak when it flies, and sometimes it comes into houses hunting mosquitoes. It never does any harm, and it does a great deal of good; but silly people," went on the Captain, severely, looking straight at Trottie, "sometimes kill them with tennis rackets."

"I won't kill any more bats," murmured Trottie, penitently.

"Last of all," resumed the Captain, "is the dear little jumping-mouse. He has big eyes and floppy ears and a long, long tail. If you boys could jump as far in proportion to your height as Mr. Jumping-Mouse does, you would clear two hundred and forty feet every time you jumped.



Photograph by W. M. Keck.

LOOKING FOR FUN.

Before the frost comes he makes a round warm nest of leaves and soft grass, far underground. There he rolls himself into a round ball and sleeps until spring."

"I like the cuddly jumpy-mouse the best," said Alice-Palace, sleepily.

Then Mother announced that it was bedtime for seven other sleepers.

"Just one minute," said the Captain. "I want to read the Band a very, very beautiful poem which has the names of the seven animals that sleep all winter, so that the Band can remember them. I know it's a beautiful poem," he finished modestly, "because I wrote it myself.

"Here is the poem:

#### "THE SEVEN SLEEPERS.

The Bat and the Bear they never care  
What winter winds may blow,  
The Jumping-Mouse in his cosy house  
Is safe from ice and snow,  
The Chipmunk and the Woodchuck,  
The Skunk who's slow but sure,  
The ringed Raccoon, who hates the moon,  
Have found for cold the cure."

SAMUEL SCOVILLE, Jr.,  
in *Sunday School Times*.

#### Ted's Funny Valentine.

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

**W**HAT do you suppose Ted's dear, funny grandma sent him for a valentine? The only thing about it that was a bit like a heart was its color. For it was a beautiful big red sled. On a heart grandma had written her message:

"This slippery, slidey valentine  
My love is bringing you;  
It's strong and willing; that's a sign  
'Twill gladly carry two."

"Three cheers for grandma!" grinned Ted when he read the message. "I'd rather have this beauty of a sled than all the paper valentines in town."

"It is just the morning to try it out," smiled his mother, looking out at the snowy

world, decked with King Winter's ice diamonds. "And there goes little Mary May," she added later, "all bundled up like an Eskimo. She must be over her sore throat, but she doesn't walk as if she felt very lively. If I were you"—

But Ted was out of hearing, and down the steps he went, bangety, bang, with his new sled after him. Down the icy street he scurried, pulling the sled by its rope, and just as he passed little Mary May she slipped, and plump! down she fell.

"Don't cry. Get on my valentine and I'll take you to school." That is what you would have said, certainly, but Ted didn't. He didn't think, for he was so eager to get to the school-yard and show the boys his sled. There was a fine hill, made just for coasting near the school, and Ted was counting on several slides before school-time.

A big neighbor girl came along with her books. "Get on, Ted," she said pleasantly, "and I'll be your pony." So Ted got on in a hurry, not noticing his classmate Robert, who had a great bundle of washing to take home for his mother before school.

So it went until the little red sled began to have ideas of its own. "I am a valentine," it thought, "and valentines bring love and joy. Grandma told me to be an unselfish sled. I'm 'strong and willing; that's a sign I'd gladly carry two.'"

Ted panted up the hill, and went sailing down ever so often, so intent that he never knew when the other children ran into the school-house. Suddenly he found himself alone on the hill and heard the voices of the tiny tots singing, "Good-morning to you." His heart seemed to turn a double flip, and the next second, so did he! He had started down again, and the sled felt so sorry about the way Ted was acting that it couldn't see straight. Zig-zag, sideways, pell-mell, it went, flop into a huge snowdrift!

Ted was damp, and cross, and—worst of all—tardy. So he tumbled out, blowing like a grampus, whatever that is, and ran straight into his class-room, where the children were at the board, writing their three times. His



## THE BEACON CLUB

**OUR PURPOSE:** Helpfulness.

**OUR MOTTO:** Let your light shine.

**OUR BADGE:** The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

DAYTON, OHIO,  
134 Wroe Avenue.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the First Unitarian Sunday school. I am ten years old. I have a bird called "Birdie Gay." I have had him three years. He is a member of the Red Cross.

I would like to be a member of the Beacon Club and wear the button. We are studying the Gospel of Jesus in Sunday school.

Yours truly,  
FLORENCE B. MATTHES.

BOSTON, MASS.,  
Bulfinch Place Church.

Dear Miss Buck,—Because it is so cold and there are only two of us here, my teacher thought it would be nice if we wrote a few lines to you. For our Sunday school lesson to-day we had "Moses and the Burning Bush."

Our class has been planning to write you for some time, and we are sorry that the rest of our class is not here to join in this letter.

We had a very enjoyable Christmas party. Some friends of ours from the Unitarian church in Somerville gave two short sketches, which were lots of fun.

teacher's eye looked as cold as Ted felt, and he was so breathless and ashamed that he could not think of a single excuse. "Tardy on St. Valentine's Day!" was all his teacher said, but the way she said it was dreadful.

"Here I lie half buried in the snow," thought the sled, "and on Valentine's Day. I don't think I made a good beginning." But he cheered up when the children came shouting and laughing out at recess. All but Ted, who stayed in to get the lesson he had partly missed.

"Never mind, this is better," thought the sled, looking his gayest as two little boys saw his head sticking out of the snow and came flying to pull him out. Then down the hill glided Little Sled Valentine like a swallow, and each time he took two gladly.

As for Ted, he was doing some thinking along with his three times-es. "I wonder if somebody will take my sled," he thought miserably. "It is so pretty. Oh, I wish I hadn't just kept sliding by myself. If I had taken some of the boys, they would have told me when school started." Then into his head popped grandma's message:

"It's strong and willing; that's a sign  
'Twill gladly carry two."

Recess was over now, and the teacher hurried to the door to watch the children pass in, and Robert tiptoed past Ted's desk. "I brought your new sled in," he whispered. "It's in the cloakroom."

"Oh, goody!" Ted's face was like sunshine after a wet day. "Much obliged, Robert," he said softly. "You must come and slide with me after school."

And grandma's funny valentine never had cause to sigh any more, for nearly always it carried double.

He who would have full power must first strive to get power over his own mind.

KING ALFRED.

Rev. Mr. C. R. Eliot is our minister and superintendent. My teacher is Miss Fritz. We wish that all our class could join the Beacon Club together.

There are six members in our class.

Wishing you a very happy New Year, I am,

Sincerely yours,

HAZEL ALLEN.  
Teacher (Miss) EMMA G. FRITZ.

HANSKA, MINN.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like to be a member of the Beacon Club and wear its badge. I am twelve years old and am in the seventh grade. My Sunday school teacher's name is Mrs. Blein, and our minister's name is Rev. A. Norman. Next fall I am going to be confirmed. I like to read the letters that other little children write to you, and solve the puzzles in the Recreation Corner. I will have to stop so you can get room for other letters in *The Beacon*.

Yours truly,  
DORIS HAUGEN.

Doris's sister, Anna Helen, seven years old, also sends a letter, telling of her wish to join our Club.

Other new members of our Club are Robert Illingworth, Tillanook, Ore., and Rachel Gorman, Keene, N.H.

### Mine?

BY L. D. STEARNS.

SEEMS to me the whole Creation's  
Just a-crying "Valentine."  
There's my mother and my father,  
Brother John, and Sister Vine.

Susie, Nellie, Phil, and Teddy;  
And, of course, my teacher, too;  
Then my dolls can't be forgotten—  
Such a lot for one to do!

Bows and arrows, little Cupids,  
Gold and pink, and red and brown;  
I've been working, working, working,  
Till my face feels all a-frown.

Now they're finished—such a number!  
One, two, three, four, seven, eight, nine.  
Guess I'll take 'em out and mail 'em—  
Wonder what I'll have for mine!

### Right!

GET up right in the morning. Go to bed right at night. Start with joy in your heart, hope in the future, kindness in your purpose.

If it is a dark day, never mind; you will lighten it up. If it is a bright day, you will add to the brightness. Give a word of cheer, a kindly greeting and a warm handshake to your friends.

If you have enemies, look up, pass them by, forgive and try to forget.

If all of us would only think how much of human happiness is made by ourselves, there would be less of human misery.

If all of us would bear in mind that happiness is from within and not from without, there would be a wellspring of joy in every heart and the sun would shine forever.

Try it!

JOHN A. SLEICHER.

## RECREATION CORNER.

### ENIGMA XXXVIII.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 5, 6, 7, is a meat.

My 11, 12, 1, 13, is to burn.

My 8, 4, 7, 2, is an animal.

My 2, 6, 8, 13, is used in baseball.

My 5, 6, 9, 3, is combed.

My 10, 12, is contrary to yes.

My 14, 6, 14, is a girl's name.

My whole is an American hero.

MARIE WELLS.

### ENIGMA XXXIX.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 5, 2, 3, 4, 13, 6, is a boy's name.

My 9, 10, 6, is a pronoun.

My 14, 3, 16, is a weight.

My 10, 11, 16, 5, 2, is a part of a door.

My 1, 15, is not to stay.

My 7, 8, 4, is causing trouble.

My 7, 4, 2, 12, is a bird.

My whole is a President of the United States.

MARJORIE HAYDEN.

### ANAGRAMS.

From each of the following phrases make the name of a United States President:

1. John's mate offers.

2. He vetoes tool order.

*The Myrtle.*

### A RIDDLE.

I'm welcomed by few and scolded by most;

I pay flying visits from coast to coast.

I'm noisy perhaps, but I work with my might,  
And the boys hail my coming with signs of delight.  
I may play some pranks, but oh, hark to my tune:  
"I'm blazing a trail to the roses of June!"

D. D. S.

### CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the central letters, reading downward, will spell a good motto for lazy people.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A cup-like spoon with a long handle. 2. Entire. 3. Loyalty. 4. To grasp. 5. To skip about. 6. An imaginary being supposed to inhabit the inner parts of the earth. 7. To quail.

*St. Nicholas.*

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 17.

ENIGMA XXXIV.—Eugene Field.

ENIGMA XXXV.—Premier Lloyd George.

RIDDLE.—Air.

MORE TWISTED STATESMEN.—1. James Madison. 2. Henry Clay. 3. Andrew Jackson. 4. Alexander Hamilton. 5. John Quincy Adams. 6. Martin Van Buren. 7. John Calhoun. 8. Benjamin Franklin. 9. Charles Sumner. 10. Charles Francis Adams.

Answers to puzzles have been sent by Norton Gaw, Denver, Col., and Elizabeth Hoyt, Hingham, Mass.

## THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

Issued weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, inclusive



PUBLISHED BY  
**The BEACON PRESS, Inc.**

25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

May also be secured from

104 E. 20th St., New York

105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago

162 Post St., San Francisco

Subscription Price: Single subscriptions, 60 cents. In packages to schools, 50 cents.

Entered at the Boston Post-office as second class mail matter

GEO. H. ELLIS CO., PRINTERS, BOSTON